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..1822-1897..

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary

..of..

Union Church,

Boston.

JUN 25

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary

1822-1897.

SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 24, 1897.

7551.152

Union Church,

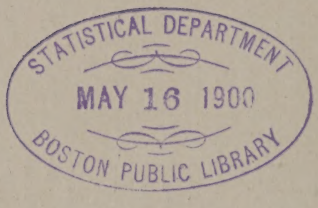
Columbus Avenue, Rutland and West Newton Streets, Boston.

REV. SAMUEL LANE LOOMIS,

MINISTER.

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner stone."

L. P. Law



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OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNION CHURCH.

Order of Meeting.

Organ Prelude.

Anthem,—Magnificat . . . . . *Shepperd.*

Scripture Lesson . . . . . Rev. H. J. Patrick, D.D.

Choir Selection,—Nunc dimittis . . . . . *Shepperd.*

Prayer . . . Being led by Rev. A. S. Twombly, D.D.

Original Hymn.

(COMPOSED BY A MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION.)

Tune, Manoah.

Father, once more, with loving faith,
We lift our hearts to Thee;
In joy or sorrow, pain or bliss,
Ever Thy hand we see.

In by-gone years this stately church
Was reverently reared;
With treasured wealth of memories
It is to us endeared.

Beloved ones have worshiped here,
Unseen they join our throng;
And as we lift our voices up,
Unheard they swell the song.

With ever grander, broader aims
May we our work pursue;
Thy glory now and ever more,
The end we have in view.

Greetings from Former Pastors.

Letters were read from

Rev. Henry M. Parsons,
Rev. Frank A. Warfield,
Rev. R. R. Meredith, D.D.,
Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D.,
Rev. Frederick Harlan Page.

Historical Address . . . . Hon. Jonathan A. Lane.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren and Friends:—

To some of you during this summer's wanderings it may have happened to come suddenly upon an abandoned farm, —that ideal primitive home; and when no woman's face has looked out from its windows, no voice of childhood, no greeting of any living creature, no flapping of the clothesline, no beds of flowers, nothing animate or inanimate was there save the neglected grass, the weeds, and the solitary trees, how ready you were, sobered and thoughtful, to hasten away.

More than this may have happened to you, as it did to me on a beautiful summer's ride in July, in Maine,—the rarer experience of an abandoned church! It stood not amid the clustered village dwellings, but apart from them a little way out of the town, on a rise of ground commanding a fine view of woods and water, hill and dale. Its spire still pointed straight into those infinite spaces where men sometimes think God specially dwells, but under its roof no longer is heard the voice of the preacher or the song of praise.

We are not here this evening to take note of anything so sad,—quite the reverse. It is a living church which in-

vites us to celebrate its Seventy-fifth Anniversary; an event the more notable because its existence is commensurate with that of the city in which it was planted, and which, only last month, had a corresponding memorial service in City Hall. Both of these bodies had their birth A.D. 1822. If the three quarters of a century have made changes in any matters affecting this church, or its prospects, or the great cause of religion for which it stands, it is eminently proper we should note them with interest, and learn the lessons which changed conditions teach.

It is known to most of you that when the Orthodox Congregational Churches of Boston, in the year 1822, were convinced that the religious welfare of the city called for a new church toward the South Cove and the South End, sister churches were invited to make a substantial contribution in families, which did put themselves to the inconvenience and self-denial of not only sundering their home church relations, but also of traveling by foot long distances, both Sundays and week days, that they might be faithful to the interests of the new organization. Hence the name "Union Church" in connection with the Essex Street Congregational Society. The old brick building still stands, at the corner of Essex Street, on what was then called "Rowe's pasture," where, in those early days, we saw outside the mild-faced bovine chewing its cud, while within its walls the earlier pastors turned over and over, for the spiritual digestion and edification of their hearers, the ancient truths called orthodox. How well we remember them, and the ways in which they were presented! The unity of the human race in our first parents; the fall, and consequent universal depravity of mankind and its total inability of recovery; that divine interposition and the great plan of salvation for at least a portion of the

race, to wit, the elect, accomplished by the death of God's only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; the advent of the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Trinity; the perseverance of the saints; the resurrection of the body; the final judgment and endless doom of the unconverted and unsaved: great doctrines, to be treated always with becoming reverence, not only because of their large acceptance by the Christian world, the deep impression that, of necessity, they made on the youthful mind, but mainly because of the measure of truth they contain, which Christians of all beliefs accept; but thankful that the spiritual digestion of them in our times is vastly facilitated by better thinking, and a wiser interpretation of those sacred Scriptures from which these truths have come.

I said just now that this church was, in part, the fruit of a colonization from other and sister churches—quite the reverse of that which is going on to-day. The solicitations of sister churches of our denomination to these now old and perhaps less prosperous bodies is, "Come with us to the inviting suburbs, where many of your friends already are, and where, sooner or later, you will have to be;" and it may be the call will be urged, on the ground of necessity and obligation to occupy a new field and sustain a new and growing enterprise. This is quite another sort of a colonization than that which created Union Church; and if it continues at the present rate, threatening, as it does, our existence and that of other churches similarly situated, it is not unfitting on this occasion to comment briefly thereon.

It does not follow because churches cluster in this vicinity that some of them should go elsewhere. The undeniable fact remains that the people are here in greater numbers than when these churches were planted. This is not a region wholly of shops, offices, and warehouses, and the

inroads of trade do not equal the increase of homes and of dwellings. It is not at present with us, as it became with those venerable First, Second, and Third, and other churches of old Boston. They were compelled to leave because all their people had left, and only the marts of trade remained. But it will be urged: "Your financial strength is already largely reduced, and that which remains is of uncertain tenure. Were the people to leave who reside in Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline, you would be at your wits' end to live. The investment in church enterprise at the South End needs, in part at least, to be transferred elsewhere. Surely something should be done, and is it not wise to 'prevent' the disaster to our denomination which may otherwise ensue?" To this, I reply, there is no disaster impending so far as this church is concerned if we all will only do our reasonable duty. Changing conditions call for, it may be, difference in measures and methods of church and parish administration, and a wise use of that common sense with which a kind Providence has endowed us all, but for which we are apt to substitute something else, will greatly help us.

If the people of the South End and of this congregation are not as rich as they were, let us husband our resources and make our outgoes to correspond. "Pay as you go," is the right rule for all religious societies. It is specially obligatory upon such as are at all straitened. Close up every year's finances without a debt. By no means bank upon your property, on the cowardly policy that its increased value as real estate will not only make it safe to do so, but may also expedite its sale and investment in other fields. If this church should ever dispose of its property—I trust it will not do so—under the constraint of an increasing indebtedness thereon, I am aware that there are those who

think the more than half an acre of land upon which this completed stone structure stands is almost too valuable, and they have suggested a consolidation which would result in its sale and demolition. Think of it, friends! The hand of the destroyer, beginning with the capstone of the steeple, in which the cross is now firmly planted, would proceed to lay bare to the earth an edifice which has stood only a quarter of a century, and which to-day is more valuable than the twenty-five thousand five hundred feet of land on which it stands. The very suggestion is monstrous; and would it be extravagant to characterize it as impious or insane? Certainly such a proposal would, I am sure, justify a public protest, and I am not sure but it would have the effect to arouse non-churchgoers in this neighborhood to a sense of their duty! I can imagine that some of the reputable and active citizens residing near us who are now wont, after a late breakfast, to while away and waste the morning hours with their cigars and Sunday papers, and in the afternoon to visit or to ride, might be so shocked at the possibility of the advent of a high block of apartment houses, with stores underneath, where they have been wont from the outside only to look approvingly upon this graceful structure, its climbing ivy and surrounding green, aroused to a sense of neglected duty and responsibility, would, if not too late, rush for the standing committee with the protest: "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't let this happen! If my help will avert such a catastrophe, count me in at once, and show me a pew appropriate to my means!"

OLD SOUTH.

There is one church of our order in this city which is so exceptionally endowed that it can, as it does, quietly and unobtrusively lend a helping hand to others; and we

all rejoice that the old Third Church, the Old South, has been preserved according to the prayer of Mary Norton, its generous donor, "being the Third Church of Christ in Boston from time to time and at all times forever."

Its loyalty to Christ, its progressive, intelligent orthodoxy, its generous expenditures in the support of public worship, and large gifts in all directions, make it in all respects a tower of strength, beauty, and honor to the denomination and our city.

RECORD OF PASTORS AND LEADING MEMBERS.

There are a few persons in this audience—I imagine not more than half a dozen—who remember all the successive pastors of this church from its beginning with the Rev. Samuel Green. Being one of that small number explains my prominence on this occasion. They are seven in number, not including Rev. Fred. H. Page, assistant pastor with Dr. Boynton, now happily and successfully discharging the duties of a full pastorate in the influential city of Lawrence. Their names are as follows: Samuel Green, Nehemiah Adams, Henry M. Parsons, Frank A. Warfield, Robert R. Meredith, Nehemiah Boynton, Samuel L. Loomis. Only the first two are deceased.

In this connection it may not come amiss to also give the names of a few of the deceased members of this church who, from their prominence in business and other circles, are still well remembered: James Melledge, John Gulliver, John Tappan, William Ropes, Chas. Scudder, Geo. W. Thayer, Caleb Stetson, Jonathan Lane, George Rogers, Frederick Jones, George Punchard, Daniel W. Job, Charles P. Adams, William Brown, Abner Kingman, Chas. H. Brown, Geo. D. Dutton, Jas. Wm. Kimball,

Alexander Strong, Francis D. Stedman, Samuel W. Lane, Arthur Wilkinson, Henry F. Durant, Silas W. Merrill, James P. Thorndike, Geo. H. Davis, Joseph A. Newell.

Of the members of this society, no one, perhaps, on account of his great reputation and striking personality, was an object of so great interest, especially to strangers, as the Hon. Rufus Choate. It was almost worth a visit to Union Church to look upon the tall, erect figure and remarkable physiognomy of this prince of New England's advocates.

REV. DOCTOR ADAMS.

Almost everybody knows that the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., its second pastor, in his active service, filled more than half of these seventy-five years. To-day this church is often spoken of as "the Doctor Nehemiah Adams Church," and not always in a spirit or tone complimentary to him or his people. Dr. Adams was a part of the stirring times of the nineteenth century, and his life and labors have been prominent in the history of the denomination. He was a man among men, and not to refer to him on this occasion would certainly make it incomplete. I am not sure that it is the best experience in life that all men should always speak well of you, even if of the sacred profession. It was certainly not true of this eminent pastor of Union Church that all men praised him. My amiable, but somewhat dogmatic neighbor, the Rev. Dr. Miner, condemned his orthodox brother because he was not a prohibitionist, although the most temperate of men in all things. But especially, as I have already intimated, did our abolitionist friends denounce him, and I am not sure that many of them do not hate his memory to-day.

But I remember when from his pulpit good old fashioned anti-slavery sermons were preached, that were on a par with any of the kind.

It was not until late in life when, with a wife who was hovering between life and death, Dr. Adams visited South Carolina. There he was the recipient of such Christian love and sympathy, as well as of a lavish hospitality, and saw so much of the softer side of the peculiar institution he had heretofore condemned, that he felt constrained, on his return North, to do what he deemed was simply justice to those who had so generously treated him. But the people of the North at that time were not disposed, on the question of slavery, to see but one side, although on all other subjects we claim that here in Massachusetts is the arena for the presentation of the truth, however many sided it may be. Especially were the Abolitionists severe upon him, and so unjust did he regard this treatment that the little volume called "South Side Views" was followed by another, the "Sable Cloud" (the edition of which was largely suppressed by his friends), in which, most unwisely, Dr. Adams retaliated upon those who had been so severe upon him. For much of all this the times were responsible. We knew then that Jefferson Davis was planning the destruction of the Union and the perpetuity of slavery. The great heart of the nation ached with agonizing apprehensions, which, alas, were too soon fulfilled in the great Civil War forced upon us! The Abolitionists, whose teachings precipitated the conflict, and whose great leaders are justly preserved in eternal bronze, have no occasion to boast, or to perpetuate ill will. The Union was saved by that great Northern host who loved it, whose "moral cowardice," as it was termed, may have made them like Abraham Lincoln, slow, but when the opportunity came,

they did not hesitate to destroy the Union's greatest, if not its only enemy; and thus those who loved the Union were more true to the cause of freedom than those of the Abolition party who had unsparingly denounced it.

Is there anything more intensely thrilling in American history than the scene in Hampton Roads where President Lincoln met the Peace Commissioners from the Confederate States! A narrative of the scene has been recently published in the Fredericksburg, Va., *Star*, and it was my good fortune to be in Virginia at the time it was written, and to meet Major Lacy, its author, the intimate friend of Hon. R. M. F. Hunter, Secretary of State of the Confederate States, one of the Commissioners. After they had dined, during which nought but the most pleasant interchange of courtesy and good feeling had taken place, Mr. Lincoln, profoundly impressed with the greatness of the responsibility of the occasion, yet in an exceedingly gracious and genial way, proceeded to the business which brought them together by remarking, first, that he was ready to pledge, and he was convinced that Congress would back him, four hundred millions in Government bonds in payment, or rather as compensation, for emancipated slaves, which he deemed under the compact of the Constitution was due them; then taking a sheet of paper he handed it to the Commissioners, saying, "Gentlemen, write Union at the top of the page and you may fill up the other conditions."

With a sense of defeat upon them at this master stroke of Lincoln's genius, Judge Campbell sadly replied, "Our instructions from Mr. Davis are that we must insist upon a recognition of the independence of the Confederate States."

There was little more to be said. The conference suddenly ended. The Confederate Commissioners returned

dissatisfied, disheartened, doomed. Mr. Lincoln, although his great heart ached at all that was before him, faltered not in this hour of trial, and by his devotion to the Union became also, as the reward of his fidelity to his conscience and his oath, the hero of emancipation! In logical sequence, Mr. Jefferson Davis, seeking to destroy the Union and to perpetuate slavery, by the hand of God, but with no blessing on his memory, became the instrumentality of saving that which he aimed to destroy, and of destroying that which he sought to save.

But why on this occasion refer to this unhappy past? Only because this church became, for the reasons I have named, most innocently involved in the heated feeling of those times, and perhaps, to some extent, unjustly suffered in its reputation, while its rank and file were as anti-slavery and as loyal as any in the land.

CONTEMPORARY PREACHERS.

I well remember, as many of you do, the distinguished clergymen of Dr. Adams's day with whom he crossed swords in theological discussion,—the great Dr. Wm. H. Channing, of the old Federal Street Church, a man of sweet and persuasive eloquence; his successor, Dr. Gannett, most studious and most precise of men. I used to think that his requirements for entrance into the kingdom of heaven were so exacting in the way of an upright life, that, after all, Calvinism was the more liberal way, for that did give some show for the prodigal son and the death-bed repentance, for which it seemed to me (no doubt unjustly) that Dr. Gannett had no sort of use in his theology; and those later more liberal divines, T. Starr King and Theodore Parker,—all great souls, cast by the divine founder in heroic moulds.

May we not conclude this brief reference to Dr. Adams and the contemporary ministers of these past years with the reflection that, as they all were sincere and diligent seekers after God, as they all loved and served their fellow-men, so have they alike, in the discoveries and realizations of the life immortal, entered into a complete and a common joy.

REV. SAMUEL GREEN.

The Rev. Samuel Green, the first pastor of this church, I hardly remember. He was of great zeal, of a grave and kindly presence, and was so successful, that during the ten years of his ministry the accession to the church numbered about six hundred.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY.

I like the Massachusetts dual system of society and church, the former being the business financial body, composed of pew owners only; the latter being those who have taken upon themselves the profession and obligations of church membership. It has not been my experience that discord and difference grow out of this relation; and it has been my observation that the correct business methods of members of the corporation, to wit, the society, are greatly needed to give to the religious body, or parish, which they jointly make, that stability, influence, and character which the church composed largely of the other sex does not alone possess. There is a want of method and right ways of doing things where churches are left to themselves; and the addition thereto of good men and good citizens, such as control and manage the numberless corporations and business concerns of our city, is an exceedingly needful element which this church and others are losing, because few care nowadays to buy a pew, and thus become actively in-

terested in church affairs. I wholly approve that system of church offerings which stands us in so good stead in the falling off of pew rentals or taxes; but everybody knows that the church offering was not contemplated originally for parish expenses, but for the charities that unfailingly appeal to us.

The obligation to pay for a pew or a sitting corresponds with that of any other legitimate family need, where you get a value received, whether it be house rent, a cottage by the sea, or your summer board bill, and should be so regarded.

The annual cost of such a religious organization as this, with reasonable allowance for the care of so large and exposed a piece of property, is, say, ten thousand dollars. This would be about two hundred dollars per Sunday. If the expenses were assessed upon only four hundred adult persons—this building will seat one thousand—it amounts to just fifty cents each. Should this be regarded as a weekly burden? Besides, some are willing to pay from one to five dollars a Sunday, so that this average could be reduced to meet the needs of any; and then there will always be plenty of room in this large church, which we are glad to see filled by the stranger and others.

But there may be in this assembly those who think if they do not say it: "The expenses of this beautiful place of public worship are little enough, but somehow I do not feel that inclination that I do to pay my club assessment, or the cost of my trade organization, or the many other social relations of life. I admit my imperfections as a man. I would like to have my relations with my Maker what they should be, but somehow I feel inclined to take my chances with the clean and honorable men whom I know and esteem, rather than to undertake to believe and

profess all you require as a condition of salvation. Therefore I do not love the house of God and the church as perhaps I should do."

THE DUTY OF THE PULPIT.

To this I reply from the Gospel according to Luke, fourth chapter, twenty second verse: "And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth."

The message from this and every Christian pulpit should be, like that of the Master, a gracious one, and in spite of the misconceptions of men, Christianity is a gospel of glad tidings to men as they are, and the world as it is. We may not dwell on this point for lack of time. Christian civilization proves it beyond question. But this does not exclude the consideration of sin and retribution; subjects not easy to be treated, and in regard to which we tempted mortals need the benefit, perhaps, of more doubts than we get. But I have never observed that the churches of those preachers who avoid these themes are crowded to their thresholds on that account. The intelligence of our day knows their value, and wills to have them urged upon the consciences of men in such a way as to command their assent and influence their lives. Indeed, it may be that the times in which we live call for more preaching of this sort, provided it is wisely inspired and directed. There is little danger of an excess in exposing the wickedness of those who represent us in positions of public and private trust. Men unblushingly seek office for what they can make out of it, and our great cities, which now contain the majority of the people, in their prodigious expenditures become on all sides the prey of dishonest men and those who are ready alike to offer and to receive bribes. Few men nowadays

—no matter how successful they may have subsequently become—care for a former creditor, and the number of those who deliberately rob those whom they owe is legion, and the accumulation of such dishonest gains, under our liberal and lax laws, is beyond estimate. The astounding aggregations of wealth which by successful combinations are realized in our times and country beyond anything before known, create a corresponding accountability for its wise use, which should never be ignored. In this and many other ways, too numerous to detail, there is needed conceptions of sin other than those of past times; and the teacher and preacher of to-day, whether in a Christian pulpit, a Jewish Synagogue, a school of Theosophy, or of Christian Science, who does not teach all that God inspires him to do to terrify the real sinner and restrain unrighteousness, is of little value.

I call your attention to a discourse recently preached in King's Chapel by its well-known pastor, from which I quote its closing paragraph:—

"When the soul of man gives up its striving for the best and highest aims, forgets to count all things but loss for the glory that is set before it, ceases to cut off the lower good that stands in the way of its attainment of heaven, it has begun a descent toward the bottomless pit of horror and great darkness; and to that soul God and angels cry, with infinite compassion, to turn from its wickedness and live."

I have no doubt, my friends, that the aristocratic congregation which assembles in that ancient historic church, or chapel, contains a fair proportion of first-class sinners, and yet I have not heard of any scattering of that people as the result of this faithful presentation of the truth by this eminent Unitarian divine.

DUTY OF SUPPORTING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

We feel, therefore, that the occasion warrants plain speaking of the duty of supporting the public worship of Almighty God. How many families there are, even in this community, who recognize the need of the clergy at a wedding or a funeral, and go very little beyond that. Possibly the mother and children attend church intermittently, but the head of the family quietly ignores the whole business, and regards it as an indication of his superiority that "he should care for none of these things." It is the poorest possible excuse that the service is not conducted to your mind. Become a pew proprietor, and, in a manly way, lend a hand to making it better. You are not called upon in these days to accept, unchallenged, all that comes from the pulpit, only be sure that your thinking and reasoning are better than those of the preacher. The time has gone by when dogmatic theology becomes the test of Christian character.

Good old George Herbert quaintly and wisely says:—

> "God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
> To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
> The worst speak something good. If all want sense,
> God takes a text and preaches patience."

OUR CHURCHES.

Boston may boast of her schools, her colleges, her Public Library, and her museums, but her churches will always lead the van. Trinity, Old South, The Central, Commonwealth Avenue, Arlington Street, King's Chapel, with the Cathedral on Washington Street, and Park Street,—their towers and steeples are her best monument. More modest edifices, like that in which we are assembled, are

not forgotten, and we may well be gratified at the interest in this old church which this gathering betokens. We expect that its members will come and go as they have been wont to do, and we make no complaint of the inevitable. We hope that the reminder that this church, in its beginning, was sustained by the self-denial of those who left other churches for that purpose, may suggest to some the duty of a corresponding sacrifice, by standing by the in-town church.

Certainly the environments here are not to be despised; the new organ, the new furnishings and decorations, are all provided for; and there is no debt upon a property here worth not less than a quarter of a million of dollars. This church is not an institutional, nor a sensational, nor, technically speaking, a missionary church. It is simply what it has been from the beginning, a family or home church of the New England standing, faith, and order, and we think there are enough families in this vicinity to make such a church needed. The social element is attractive, and easy of access. There are no parties or church divisions here, and, no matter how many pews we rent, there will always be room for strangers, and for the hundreds of students and others to whom Boston is a great educational center, and whom we heartily welcome here.

Of the past we make no boast. Let us rejoice, rather, in the future, and the conviction that a church which has so well survived for three-quarters of a century, has a right to live, and to demonstrate that right by a wise acceptance of all that is good and true in the religious progress of our time.

Sons and daughters of the Puritan and of the Pilgrim, we recognize no supreme ecclesiastical authority, and we believe there are no keys to the kingdom of heaven but

the human understanding and will, through which God reaches men, as man universally communicates with his fellow-man.

HIGHER CRITICISM AND INSPIRATION.

How important, then, that the sacred Scriptures, the Bible, should no longer be regarded with superstitious dread or bewildering misapprehension.

It cannot be believed that anywhere in the history of the race a line may be drawn which shall determine, define, or differentiate, what we call inspiration. Wherever and whenever the human mind thinks in harmony with the Divine mind, and in a purpose to lift the race toward God, that must be what is meant in the familiar words, "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." But can any one accept the illogical conclusion that God has left the world, and this whole business by which the race is to be enlightened and saved is ended, so far as inspiration is concerned? The same human agency which discovered, compiled, and saved this wonderful mass of sacred literature is, and must ever be, needed to interpret and apply it to the coming generations of men; and if inspiration is an essential factor in the case, it is none the less needed in later times, and especially so in this wonderfully progressive period in the history of the race. We may congratulate ourselves on this occasion that this need is being supplied by the great and good men, students of the Bible, whose inspiration can no more be challenged than that of men of olden time.

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD.

I hope that most of you have read that recent number of the *Congregationalist* which gives the views of an eminent Baptist clergyman of London, England, Dr. John Clifford,

whose leadership and zeal as a Bible teacher and social reformer is second to none. He regards the higher criticism as unspeakably beneficial, and sure to be fraught with an immense advantage to the church of the future and to the kingdom of God at large; and to the question, "Is the higher criticism having an unsettling influence on the beliefs of the average Christian?" he makes this most forcible reply: "I do not think so. The mechanical theory of inspiration has been so completely routed that men are ready to take the Bible as a historical book which has in different parts of it received different editings, and to accept the truth of the Book as it is verified in the experience of mankind."

What an immense advance this is upon that dethronement of the human judgment and conscience demanded in the earlier methods of teaching the Bible, in which from cover to cover all was claimed to be equally inspired, and in everything it was "Thus saith the Lord;" a machine-like method, as Dr. Clifford truly characterizes it, which has resulted in vagaries of denominational belief and practice almost beyond enumeration. I am not sure that our Baptist friends in America wholly indorse Dr. Clifford's views.

But we are moving on, one and all, into the larger life, the truer freedom, the greater happiness and usefulness, into which this view of the authority and inspiration of the sacred Scriptures is leading the world.

DENOMINATIONAL DIFFERENCES.

In harmony with this religious progress, it is a matter of real congratulation that the old denominational dislikes have largely disappeared. We never shall fully agree in our Christian beliefs,—to say nothing of those other religious bodies which do not claim to be Christian. But the Con-

gregationalist, which is but another name for independent, who believes in its policy should everywhere be known for breadth and liberty in all things relating to the religious life of man. He should care the least for the things that separate, and most for those which unite all believers; and these principles maintained everywhere will in the end do as much to build up the Church universal on earth on a right foundation as any strictly denominational policy is likely to do.

OUR COUNTRY, OUR CITY, OUR CHURCH.

And from this high outlook may we not for a moment swing out from our church, and embrace in our thought this evening those other two great associated interests upon which our lives and our happiness depend—our Country, our City, and our Church? Is not the alliteration fitting as well as harmonious? We complain too much of them all. The National Government we call weak and unwise, but who would exchange it for either of those great allied powers whose diplomacy in recent years is worthy of the Dark Ages. Our city government is charged with being corrupt and partisan. Pray tell me of a better governed city of its size in our own land, or one more desirable to live in. The Church abounds in cant and insincerity, and the real goodness of its members is in inverse ratio to their professed piety. Alas! my friends, in our shortsightedness and discontent, may we not turn for wiser conclusions to God, our great Teacher and Friend, as we read in his book of nature all around us. Stand by the seashore. All along the sands and the shingled beach you see the débris and the foam left there by the angry waves. All this turbulence has resulted in naught but rubbish and froth, which soon disappear. Farther out, and

not a great way either, you reach the great depths, where the waters are still, and where under the tossing billows strength, permanency, and peace abide!

CLOSING WORD.

I said awhile ago that the number of pastors over this church was seven, and I have, as I think properly, made no reference to those living of its pastors or members. May I make one exception, and as my last word congratulate this church on its new pastor, in whom we are so happily united? Orthodox, yet progressive in his orthodoxy; instructive in all his teachings; kindly, genial, and sympathetic, with youth and health in his favor, with a reputation already attained by the study at home and abroad of the religious life of great cities,—may I not hope and predict for him a successful ministry here in the church specially dear to him as the church of his ancestors; and at my time of life—a life which has in its years run parallel with that of this city and this church—may I not becomingly express the hope also that there will be no occasion to make any addition to the sacred number of this pastorate in the calendar of my living memory!

Original Hymn.

(COMPOSED BY A MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION.)

Tune, Varina.

O God, to whom a thousand years
Are but as yesterday,
Whose name from age to age appears
While nations pass away;
Upon the pages of the past
We read thy purpose clear,
And know the kingdom that shall last,
To-day is building here!

No cherubim nor seraphim
Are flaming at its gate;
Whoever will may enter in,
The portals open wait.
Each church of Christ a fortress stands,
But, wider far, enroll
Who build a house not made with hands,
The mansion of the soul.

Thy hand through five and seventy years
Has led Thy people well:
The children of the pioneers
Still guard Thy citadel.
The tide of men may ebb and flow,
But, knit in Union sweet,
The church which knows not high nor low,
Shall never know retreat!

Address . . . . . Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

Mr. Hale said:—

I am gratified and honored by being permitted to speak on this occasion. I am glad to see so many young people before me, because it is to them especially that I want to say that any Christian man or woman ought to be specially proud because he is connected with a Congregational church, and still more so because that Congregational church is in Boston. Recollect, young people, that it is to John Cotton, the minister of the First Church in Boston, that we owe the name Congregational, as we use it now. It was under Cotton's lead that the simple organization of the New England churches was made which assumed for those churches the name Congregational. That name meant that each assembly of Christians who organized themselves for public worship, is as independent of every other congregation as is the Church of Rome of the Church of England. That name, which was then adopted by only five or six churches here, has since made itself a name respected all over the world. For there is no scholar in this world, who knows what he is talking about, who does not frankly admit that the early churches —the church of Thessalonica, the church of Phillipi, the church of Rome—were such churches. They freely admit that, if you please, because circumstances were what they were, it was impossible that these churches should be anything but independent churches. When, some twenty years ago, the Pope of Rome, in his kindness, addressed a circular letter to all the churches in the world which were not in his communion, many copies of that letter were, of course, received in this State. It was then that Dr. Hedge, our most distinguished historical student, said,

in the annual meeting of the Congregational ministers of Massachusetts, that it belonged to them especially to reply to the Pope's letter. Dr. Hedge said that the Pope knew, as well as we, that our church represented the earliest form of ecclesiastical government; that you might say what you pleased about the necessities of after times, but that we had the honor and privilege of exhibiting to-day the manner in which the Church of Christ governed itself for the first generation. Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, and Dr. Hedge were appointed by the clergymen of Massachusetts to send their reply to the Bishop of Rome. The wish of the convention, from temporary circumstances, failed of effect; but I have always been sorry that those two men did not write that letter.

And you, young people, must remember what this great word meant, and still means. John Cotton was a little shy of the word independent when spoken of a church. It was not what Philistines would call "respectable," and John Cotton was, I am sorry to say, the least bit of a Philistine. He did not know that the independent church at Plymouth was going to win its name as a founder and leader of nations. So these churches of the Bay, which were pure independent churches, called themselves by the more decorous name of Congregationalist. But all the same they were independent churches, and they are independent churches now.

So I would like to have every boy who lights a firecracker on the Fourth of July, or every man who delivers a Fourth of July oration, remember where the word "independent" came from, and the word "independence." You will not find those words in Shakespeare; you will not find them, in their present meaning, in Lord Bacon. They came into the English language when the little

churches claimed that they were independent churches,—the churches which were driven into exile because they made the claim, and which asserted the value of the claim by building up an empire on this side of the ocean. Recollect, then, that whenever people speak of democratic government, of the power of the people as different from the power of a class, they speak of something which did not begin, and which was not known, until the independent church of Plymouth established itself, and these independent churches of Boston established themselves. If you are proud of democracy, and the "march round the world" which Mr. Carlyle describes, you are proud of something which was born here in Massachusetts, and in which the Congregational churches of Massachusetts had a distinguished share.

Do not forget this as you study, and read, and remember your Bible. Think what the Book of Revelations means when it says, "Ye are all kings and all priests." And remember that the work of this twentieth century which is before us—most of which will be your work, if you consecrate yourself to do your Father's bidding—will be the teaching of the world that religion does not come at the dictation of companies of priests, but that it comes in the devotion and consecration, the piety, the faith, and the hope, and the charity of all the sons and daughters of the loving God.

Address . . . . . Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D.D.

I am glad to bring you this evening, my friends, the greetings and congratulations of Mount Vernon Church upon your seventy-fifth anniversary. I assure you that the function is to me something more than a conventional one.

If you will indulge me in a little personality for a moment, I think I may say that there is probably no Congregational minister, within the city proper at least, who has greater occasion to rejoice in your joy. I have had grateful personal relations with all your pastors save the very first. Thirty-three years ago Dr. Nehemiah Adams offered the installing prayer at my settlement in the neighboring city of of Chelsea. Twenty-seven years ago he presided over the council by which I was installed in the pastorate of Mount Vernon Church in this city. My acquaintance with him began during a period of his life in which he was, to a considerable degree, an object of obloquy, and in some quarters even of contempt.

It was in war time. Animosities were deep, often malignant. The author of "The South-side View of Slavery," could not but be regarded by multitudes of his fellow-citizens, and fellow-Christians, with aversion. I well remember how, when we were exchanging pulpits one Sunday, in the winter of 1864, I think it was, I was informed upon my return home that some of my parishioners had refused to enter the church upon hearing that he was to preach, and others went out when they discovered that he was in the pulpit. How strange it all seems now! I hardly need say that I had no sympathy with Dr. Adams in his politics, and that I early diverged almost as widely from him in speculative theology; but I had from first to last a deep love for him as a man, and a profound admiration for him as a pastor and a preacher. Dr. Adams in the pulpit was as a king upon his throne. When it came to the matter of preaching, no man ever had a loftier ideal of his mission. And it seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that few ever came nearer to its realization. That white marble pulpit in the old Essex Street Church was

not more pure, more polished, more firm, than the chaste and classic discourses which were uttered from it Sunday after Sunday for a whole generation. But the sermons —unlike the pulpit—were warm with an almost matchless tenderness and fervor. Never sensational, yet he was full of surprises: bringing forth such a wealth of thought and illustration from the most unexpected and most unpromising sources; finding bread where most men would find only stones; turning aside, like Samson, to view some dead lion's carcass, and bringing back out of it handfuls of dripping honeycomb.

His systematic theology, like his politics, is shelved for the most part, I take it, nowadays,—in this latitude, at least. It ought to be. But his sermons ought never to be shelved; cannot be, indeed, while men want to know what is best in homiletic literature, or how to present practical truth in a way to reach the conscience and the heart of mankind without degrading the taste of the common hearer, or offending the sensibility of the scholar and the critic. And if any one to-day would learn to be a pastor, —a true under shepherd and bishop to the souls of men,—let him read, what will be of more worth than all the lectures ever read from a professor's chair in Pastoral Theology, one of the little books, "Communion Sabbath," "Agnes and the Little Key," "Bertha, and Her Baptism," or "The Cross in the Cell." I have said so much as this— I could easily say a great deal more—because I wish upon this occasion to acknowledge a great personal debt which I owe to the memory of a saintly man and a beloved friend, Dr. Nehemiah Adams, the second pastor of this Union Church.

It must be that for many, like myself, a great part of the interest of this occasion will inevitably center about the

fact of this early pastorate. There are still a good many men and women living in Boston, and there are others scattered through the land and about the world, who will always think of Union Church as Dr. Adams's Church." I am all the time meeting people who speak of Mount Vernon Church as Dr. Kirk's Church. I am glad of it. It is a great thing to be the heirs of such an inheritance, and of such traditions. You know that when St. John tells the story of our Lord's conversation with the woman of Samaria, at Sychar, he prefaces it with the remark, "Now Jacob's well was there." And you know how, taking that old well of Jacob at once for his pulpit and his text, the Master began to dispense therefrom draughts of living water, and is dispensing them still, with a wideness, and a freeness, and a generons impartiality that Jacob and his age had never dreamed of. So we who have received these old institutions of beneficence at the hands of our predecessors, come under a debt of gratitude which cannot be paid to the original creditor. What any man receives from the world that has gone before him, he is bound to pay to the world that comes after him. That principle is a very broad one, of universal application indeed. None can be exempt from it save such as die in infancy, or live in idiocy. A good many very good people never think of this. They want to drink of that well themselves, and their children, and their cattle, but after them—well, the deluge! But no man, no generation of men, has a right to treat an institution of religion or of beneficence as though its uses were to terminate upon themselves. A tradition from the past constitutes a debt to the future, which no honorable man will evade. I would not give much for that man's religion, the scope of whose Christianity glances merely from himself to the cross of Christ, and from the cross of Christ back to

himself, whose religion has no earnest, forward look. A forward look I mean now, not into heaven and the glories of some unearthly future state, but an earnest look down along the lines of common human life, as it shall be lived right here in Boston, in the coming years; an interest in the men and women who shall be doing our work, walking our path, traversing our experiences. Christianity, as it seems to me, after ministering to its own generation as widely and as deeply as it may, gets another lofty inspiration from the hope of leaving behind it some heavenward helps to men who are pressing up behind us in unknown multitudes. It does not mean that its blessings shall be exhausted upon its own transit. It leaves a cup by the wellside, knowing that others will be thirsty. It blazes the track anew, knowing that other travelers will be in perplexity. It repairs and rebuilds the booth, knowing that others will be fainting in the noontide or overtaken by the night.

We are congratulating Union Church to-night upon its seventy-five years of fruitful life. What a fountain of spiritual and redemptive influence it has been, sending its streams into all sorts of channels; flowing into the homes of its vicinage, and sweetening all domestic relations; making human fatherhood and motherhood true, just, gracious, with revelations of the paternity of God; making childhood trustful, obedient, pure, with thoughts of the "Holy Child Jesus"; flowing into busy lives of tradesmen, and merchants, and clerks, and work-people of every sort, and carrying honor and fidelity into the world's common work; making strength helpful, money ministrant, wisdom humble, pain patient, want less necessitous, and wickedness ashamed. In a word, saving the souls of men, and redeeming life to goodness and to God! And may those

who shall stand here seventy-five years from to-night, or in some other tabernacle still bearing the peaceful name of "Union Church," bear the same testimony to its yet unwritten history.

Address . . . HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

After expressing his gratification at being present upon an occasion of so great historic interest and importance, His Honor Mayor Quincy, spoke of the intimate relations that exist between the civic and religious life of the community, and paid eloquent tribute to the churches of all denominations as being among the best friends of the city, and the most effective promoters of morality, freedom, and good citizenship.

Hymn, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Benediction . . . PRONOUNCED BY REV. L. H. ANGIER.